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Myflogynus :

OR, A

S A T Y R

U P O N

W O M E N.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Langly*, Bookseller in *Oxford*.

M DC LXXXII. 27. *June.*

Register :

Page 52

of a

STATYB

upon

WOMEN.

By

JOYD O W

Printed for John Tangle, Bookbinder in Oxford.

MDCXXXII

An Advertisement.

Courteous Reader,

THE Author would let you to understand, that he intends not to determine whether or no the stronger hath any just cause of quarrel with the weaker Sex; or if they have, that he designs not that this Paper should contain an Indictment: But being one that loves peace and quietness, thought good to disburden his (yet unprejudiced) mind, that he might sleep more undisturbedly. It is far from our drift to make the Married man pick a quarrel with his Wife, or the unmarried out of Love with his Mistress; but to make both the more admire what they find admirable: Such is the use the Author himself makes of it, and such, he hopes, you will too.

An Advertisement

Of the

THE Author would be glad to understand
whether this little book is of any use to
any of your friends, or if it be so, he
should be glad to hear of it. He is
not at all concerned in the sale of it,
but he is very desirous to know if it
be of any use to any of your friends.
He is not at all concerned in the sale
of it, but he is very desirous to know
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M. Y. S. O.

A. 2

MYSOGYNUS:

OR, A

Satyr upon Women.

L Ate come from *Derby's Peak*, where Wo-
men do
Beat their poor Cuckold Husbands black
and blue;

And, which is worse, make nothing of it too:
I'm mad to see the poor men thus abus'd,
And would by all means have them better us'd.

And now were I outlandish, then I'd rant
With liberty of Tongue, which now I want;
I'd force a smart Burlesque on those sly Creatures
That thus Tongue-tyed us with their sly features.
Poor Country-men! not only chous'd of their right hand;
(They can't the priviledge of the Wall command.)
Not only cow'd, but to laugh at them too;
They've gull'd them of their words t' express their woe:

B

What

What shall I do for *English* words t' employ
 On this dire theme, which *Foreigners* enjoy :
Foreigners, that know how to use command,
 Like *Cæsar*, when they've got the upper hand.
 But we are *mure*, or have our language lost,
 Which these *Decoys* have to themselves ingroft.
 You'd think, they'll scold in such a lasting stile,
 That one poor *Tongue* could not serve all the while.
 Till then, I've made my *Satyr* quite compleat,
 I'll shake the *Letters* of the *Alphabet* :
 But I do want for what I would contrive,
 Unless you will allow me twenty five ;
 But our *School-Dames* allow but four, and say,
 That after *Z* there's no *Et cætera*.
 Conscious that if *Et cætera* should be known,
 We should prove scolds in telling them their own.
 How haughtily upon the *English-man* they tread,
 Stark drunk with *Pride*, they ride a free *Horse* dead.
 We'll ne'r endure't, come subject *Hearts*,
 I'll paraphrase upon a *Womans* parts ;
 And when I cannot think what bad enough to say,
 I'll brand her name with black *Et cætera*.

Whate'r was left unfit in the *Creation*
 To make a *Toad*, after its ugly fashion,
 Of scrapings from unfinished *Creatures* had,
 Sure was the body of a *Woman* made :
 Yet there's some finer *Atoms* daub'd upon,
 Which makes her seem so beauteous to look on.

Nor

Nor better is a Womans end, nor can,
 Born only to Night-mare the Soul of Man.
 Nor is he only plagued by her birth,
 She is an Universal Curse unto the Earth.
 Some say, the ground with barrenness is curst,
 Where in the Morn she strains her body first.
 Surely she was not th' end of the Creation,
 But made by th' by, huddled at any fashion.
 She's some imperfect thing, it needs must follow,
 She sounds so loud, impertinently hollow:
 So shrill and empty, that you'd swear i' faith
 She'd no more Soul in her than a Cannon hath;
 Unless inhabited by incarnate Devils,
 Sent to disturb mens peace with their loud evils.
 You'd think that she was made, so fair her face,
 Only for to officiate the Devils place:
 Why are we men not fearful at her sight,
 As at the Devils walking in the night:
 The one as hurtful as the other, nay
 She is more Devil of the two, they say.

In the beginning of the World, says one;
 When man did absolutely rule alone,
 When there was no such thing as Woman known,
 To be mans partner in his Regal Throne,
 When Man was gotten not with Copulation,
 But Men spawn'd Men, after a brisker fashion;
 A more ingenious way of Propagation:

When Men were bent, whatever stop was given,
 And *nolens volens*, had gone all to Heaven;
 Then threw the Devil these same Golden Balls
 To stop his full career with gentle falls;
 Then first was man bewitch'd; then first
 Did man make Reason truckle to his Lust;
 Then first was Man bed-ridden with these Devils,
 Certainly of all, this sure the worst of Evils.
 Infernal Imps, I thought, but now and then,
 Were wont to haunt the seats of living men;
 But now these Spirits incarnate, are so bold
 They are familiar, and will have, and hold
 Of whatsoever's his, and will controul,
 Where e'er he goes or comes, his haunted Soul.
 Woman! What shall I say? Infernal Creature:
 Thou'st so degenerated mans soft Nature,
 That he has quite forgot his Primitive state,
 And thinks it natural to copulate
 With an Hell-bred Familiar, (such his fate)
 And counts his Off-spring all Legitimate.
 Think with the Atheist, that there is no God,
 Nor can this cunning Creature be his Rod,
 Sent down at second thoughts to plague poor men,
 I'll whip her same as bad, I'll warrant then;
 I will invent some wicked thing upon her,
 That you would think impossible to sham on her;
 To make her what she is, one way or t'other,
 I'll make her ragged Atoms t'hang together:

Then

Then let us strive to make a tall, a proper, Design'd
A fair, deceitful, that is, a Woman of her, Ills do
Who can't a necessary good commence,
Because she is a being came by chance;
So may Men pray that some Chance would surround her,
And take her there, where Chance, her Maker, found her.

And now within so boundless, huge a place,
Whose vast immensity admits no space,
To be call'd up or down, (gone to be lost)
Thousands of Atoms eternally are tost;
So that I do despair amidst them all,
Of finding out Womans original.
Thus spying Nature labouring, I find,
The large frame begun within my larger mind,
I see things coming gradually to perfection,
At length compleated by coacervation:
Nor had this Joynted Baby of my mind,
Scarce all its shuffled parts combin'd;
But straight some unforc'd Particles we see,
That will with no part of the frame agree,
Which hookt together by themselves, became
The imperfect thing that Men do Woman name;
Hence 'tis, we in her composition find
Such a strange medley made of every kind;
From Man a ship of Rationality,
The rest from Beasts, the Goat, and Chatter-Pye.
Then, what's re Nature thought unfit to be
Mixt with the substance of the Creature, she
Design'd

Design'd to be th' Master-piece of her Art,
 Doth all lie centred in a Womans Heart;
 All the crookt Atoms, and the rough, that joyn'd,
 Raise Malice, Fear, and Passions in the mind;
 All those from whose cross disposition rise
 Envy and Hate, Despair and Jealousies,
 Nature rejected, as unfit to be
 Ingredients of Man, the Creature she }
 Intended for the Worlds Epitome: }
 Then whatsoever's left, that can produce
 A Hellish mould, fit for the Devils use;
 Whatever's Ill, Depraved, or what not
 That is so thought, falls not to Womans lot:
 Evil is so ingrafted in her parts, you'd swear
 She'd not one dram of good to boast of there;
 Her wicked qualities, which we think occult,
 From th' disposition of her parts result:
 She'll lie, and cog, and flatter with the best,
 Though Nature otherwise teaches Humane Breast; }
 Woman is so unnatural a Beast. }
 She is 'gainst Nature so entire a Sinner,
 It is impossible for goodness to be in her;
 All the depravity that is, controul,
 And have predominaney in a Womans Soul,
 Kneaded, and woven in her parts within,
 And are inseparable as her Skin.
 When careful Nature had the World quite ended,
 Sound Wind and Limb, then she had it befriended,

If she had quite expell'd this rotten part,
 Which so corrupts all other to the Heart ;
 Then the straight-limb'd World might chance perhaps
 To have liv'd strong, and free from all her Claps ;
 Nay, t'would have been eternal, for I'm sure,
 What hath no cause of corruption, will for e're endure ;
 Such would the World be, had not Woman been ;
 For all Corruption, Putrefaction, Sin,
 And what is worse, if worse there be, all came
 From Woman, and Woman as their Parent, claim ;
 Like *Prometheus* Vulture, she feeds on Mans poor Breast ;
 Like Brass, she cankers some, and eats the rest.
 She'll kill, as does a Basilisk, or worse if t can,
 Insensibly she blinds, and burns the Man.
 Her outside's fair and pleasing, when the while
 She kills as craftily as the Crocodile ;
 Usurps his right, reigns o're her fellow slaves,
 Nor won't admit her Lord to go her halves ;
 She alone was the cause, when she usurp't the Throne,
 Nor any other was't, that Hell it self was known.
 Whate're's irregular done, 'tis she doth do't,
 Universal Mischief is her Attribute.
 Now, Reader, if thou hast what's worse to say,
 Pray say't, for that is hers, *Et cetera.*

F I N I S.